

A Queen For Her Kingdom

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Summary: A Queens kingdom is on the brink of being destroyed, but the warring King isn't after her crown. And fate isn't known for being kind... Implied UKfem!Us, /slight/Omegaverse, Fated. Warning!: Death(s). (I don't use actual names here. Cause I felt it would be better that way.)

A Queen For Her Kingdom

"_Tell me. Do you regret this?"_

_Her head battled with her heart as the silence crept on.

—

"_Yes."_

* * *

><p>Red and green.<p>

The valley was splattered with crimson life.

There were losses on both sides. One was too many, nowadays. Though the battle was seemingly over, if you listened closely; you could still hear the sound of clashing steel and victim cries.

Solemn blue eyes watch closely as the dead and torn are taken away.

Piercing greens from the forests edge, glower at the marching soldiers. Too bright not to see...unable to ignore.

Blue and green are locked onto one another.

And he approaches; Surrounded by his gradient blue-black tin men.

"This can go away. _You,_ can make this go away."

Her men stiffen beside her. They were losing this war, and he knew it.

Soldiers, citizens. Everyone was dying. The lavish and rich kingdom her ancestors built is being destroyed by it's former ally.

Droplets of sweat drip onto her brow, almost streaming down like tears.

No.

No.

Not now.

Worry and frustration spread on her face.

Nothing escapes his notice. His eyes grazed over her like prey, and a beginning of a tremulous smile showed itself for just a second.

Then it faded.

Regaining his serious composure, he closed the distance between them, sharing shallow breaths and attempting to tease the angered Queen.

"Both."

He whispered into her ear.

Retreating, he motioned to the laced letter he placed in her sword sheath.

"You have until the sun shines through my chamber window tomorrow."

* * *

><p>The sun set on her camp. As the troops settled into a drunken stupor, it was hard to tell if they won or lost, as it was all the same. Upon her horse as she moved through the camp, whispers and stares are cast her way.<p>

"Can...can it really end this? Just like that?"

"I heard this whole war could've been avoided..."

>"I hope she does the right thing."<p>

The words shushed as other soldiers berated them for speaking against their queen.

She set her eyes downcast as she passed by, her mind riddled with her own thoughts. Everyone moved out of her tent, only guards at the front. Alone, she settled into the bubbling hot water that was prepared for her and pulled the lace from the letter.

Anger...no. Rage. It was rage she felt. But it wasn't long before settling into a quivering mess.

It was her fault; starting this war. People are dead...because all in the name of righteousness. No..that wasn't it either. It's because of her stubbornness.

She traced the letters on her arms. Everyone had them, born with them. Most were proud of them.

Two names. One is the name of the one to whom your soul is bound...the other your sworn enemy.

Hers were the same.

Tears flowed till long after the bath was cold. She debated herself for too long, and there was no real contest.

It was almost time, and the decision was made.

In a blur of motions, she dresses and races on her horse to the edge of the forest. She was met with a line of guards.

"The King is expecting you."

"I'm sure he is."

The guards made almost pleasant escorts, never manhandling her and never harsh in tone. Probably his doing...He always gets his way, after all.

She entered his tent and threw the signed letter at him.

"I do."

His grin turned into glee and he rose up to embrace his new Queen, placing a heavy sapphire ring on her finger.

"I knew you'd come around. After all, a good queen _always_ thinks of her people."

* * *

><p>She loathed the way she reacted to him. It was sparks and fire. Love filled hatred.<p>

Fate was never known to be kind.

The King was certainly proud of his prize, he kept her busy almost every night. Their kingdoms rejoiced at new found unity, but that was short lived.

Light and Dark.

The two forces that drive the very existence of mankind.

Long before now.

One kingdom became two.

Then one again.

A Princess was born. With eyes as clear as the sky.
A Prince was born. Eyes that could pierce the sky.
And with joy, they were to be paired as fate foretold.
Grew together, played together, learned together.
Two different paths.

The Princess became Queen, suddenly and tragically.
And found a dark secret.

Disgusted and distraught, a declaration was made.
Her prince was shocked, and asked for her pardon.
Adamant in her ways, she demanded:

"You may have One. But not both."

A darkness filled his heart, and with a cackle he vowed:

"One shall bring me the other."

And once again.

One became Two.

* * *

><p>The Queen awoke next to her King, although she could not hear, she felt the screams of her people. She felt her heart sink into her stomach; as darkness has spread once again.<p>

She fumbled with her thoughts for a long time.

Sacrifices.

One might have thought she already made one for her people.

But was it really a sacrifice?

Two.

Alone together, the love, the chaotic romance they had, parties and a lavish life.

No.

It wasn't.

Two.

It was fun. She loved it, every second...

His eyes shot open and looked at his Queen.

Two

"Tell me. Do you regret this?"

Her head battled with her heart as the silence crept on.

"Yes."

And she shut her eyes as the knife was plunged into his chest.

One.

End
file.